

The Historie of

*Fal.* You rogue, heres Lime in this Sack too, there is no thing but rogerie to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of Sack with Lime in it. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shot-ten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhand in England, and one of them is fatte, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I say: I would I were a Weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

*Prin.* How now Wolsacke, what mutter you?

*Fal.* A Kings sonne? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiectes afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you *Prince of Wales*.

*Prin.* Why you horsen round man, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a Coward? answere me to that, and *Poines* there.

*Prin.* Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me Coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damnde eare I call thee Coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon such backing: giue me therin that will face me. Giue me a cup of Sack, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Prin.* O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunkst last.

*Fal.* All's one for that.

*He drinks.*

A plague of all Cowards still say I.

*Prin.* Whats the matter?

*Fal.* Whats the matter? here be foure of vs, haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

*Prin.* Where is it? *Iacke*, where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prin.* What, a hundred man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the

*Hose,*

Henry the fou

*Hose*, my Buckler cut through and like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer man, al would not doe. A plague of if they speake more or lesse then the sonnes of darknesse.

*God.* Speake, sirs, how was it?

*Rofs.* We foure set vpon some do

*Falst.* Sixteene, at least, my Lo

*Rofs.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bou

*Fal.* You rogue they were bou ama Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.

*Rofs.* As we were sharing, some vpon vs.

*Fal.* And vnbound the rest, and

*Prin.* What, fought yee with th

*Falst.* All? I know not what yee with fifty of them, I am a bunch of two or three and fifty vpon poore leg'd creature.

*Poines.* Pray God, you haue not

*Falst.* Nay that's past praying for them. Two I am sure I haue payed futes: I tel thee what, *Hal*, if I tell me Horse: thou knowest my old v bore my point; foure rogues in Bu

*Prin.* What, foure? thou said'st b

*Falst.* Foure *Hal*, I told thee fou

*Poin.* I, I, he said foure.

*Falst.* These foure came all a from I made no more adoe, but tooke a Target, thus.

*Prin.* Seuen? why there were b

*Falst.* In Buckrome.

*Poin.* I, foure, in Buckrome suit

*Falst.* Seuen, by these Hiltes, or

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone, we

*Falst.* Doe'st thou heare me *Hal*?

*Prin.* I and make thee too, *Iack*